*Scœna Secunda.*

*Enter Falſtaffe, Piſtoll, Robin, Quickly, Bardolffe, Ford.*

*Fal.* I will not lend thee a penny.

*Piſt.* Why then the world's mine Oyſter, which I, with ſword will open.

*Fal.* Not a penny, I haue beene content (Sir,) you ſhould lay my countenance to pawne; I haue grated vpon my good friends for three Repreeues for you, and your Coach-fellow *Nim*, or elſe you had look'd through the grate, like a Geminy of Baboones: I am damn'd in hell, for ſwearing to Gentlemen my friends, you were good Souldiers, and tall-fellowes. And when Miſtreſſe *Briget* loſt the handle of her Fan, I took't vpon mine honour thou hadſt it not.

*Piſt.* Didſt not thou ſhare? hadſt thou not fifteene pence?

*Fal.* Reaſon, you roague, reaſon; thinkſt thou Ile endanger my ſoule, *gratis?* at a word, hang no more about mee, I am no gibbet for you: goe, a ſhort knife, and a throng, to your Mannor of *Pickt-hatch*; goe, you'll not beare a Letter for mee you roague? you ſtand vpon your honour: why, (thou vnconfinable baſeneſſe) it is as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my honour preciſe; I, I, I my ſelfe ſometimes, leauing the feare of heauen on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my neceſſity, am faine to ſhuffle: to hedge; and to lurch, and yet, you Rogue, will en-ſconce your raggs; your Cat-a-Mountaine-lookes, your red-lattice phraſes, & your boldbeating-oathes, vnder the ſhelter of your honor? you will not doe it? you?

*Piſt.* I doe relent: what would thou more of man?

*Robin.* Sir, here's a woman would ſpeake with you.

*Fal.* Let her approach.

*Qui.* Giue your worſhip good morrow.

*Fal.*